THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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"SUFFER THEM TO COME UNTO ME."

BEVERLY SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THIS Sunday school held its *sixty-second* anniversary on the first Sunday in October. They say at Beverly that it is the oldest Sunday school in the country. There were a few Sunday schools commenced before the Beverly school; but there is no school now in existence that can boast of being sixty-two years old excepting the Beverly school.

In 1810, there were in Beverly two ladies, Misses Joanna Prince and Hannah B. Hill, keeping a private school. They saw how much many of the children in the town needed good instruction, and they concluded to commence a Sunday school in their school-room for the instruction of whatever children should attend. They continued the school successfully for two or three years, till it was adopted by Dr. Abbott's parish, and held in the church. It has gone on uninterruptedly from that day to this. It has had excellent superintendents and excellent teachers, and is a school of which the Beverly people have a right to be proud.

It happened curiously that the Medfield Sunday School held its fiftieth anniversary on the same day. A little more than fifty years ago, Mrs. Dr. Prentiss, of Medfield, visited Beverly. She then learned about the Beverly Sunday School. It was a new thing to her. When she got back to Medfield, she told the people about that school, and said one must be opened there. And one was opened there; and there it is now, one of the very best Sunday schools to be found. It was a curious coincidence that these two schools should be holding their anniversary on the same day.

Mr. A. T. Wiley has been superintendent of the Beverly school for the last two years. His report was very interesting. The pastor of the church, Rev. E. C. Butler, is devoting himself to the work; and there is good evidence that the school is, and means to be, as full of life and energy as its younger companions.

The school has one drawback, in the shape of a fund, which gives an income of four hundred dollars a year. So the parish is not called upon to raise money in its behalf. We doubt whether as strong and abiding an interest on the part of a parish can be awakened in a school thus supported as in a school they are called upon to support. This, however, is only theory. The crowded house on the occasion referred to indicated as great an interest as one could desire. We might suggest to the Beverly people that they ought, under the circumstances, to raise two hundred dollars a year for the general Sunday-school cause. We think they would have no difficulty in getting that sum into the Sunday School Society's treasury, if they should try.

The anniversary exercises were made doubly interesting by an address from Rev. Christopher Thayer, a former pastor of the society. His reminiscences of the school were listened to with great satisfaction. We must give our readers an incident he related in regard to one of its former scholars.

Mr. Thorndike, a teacher of one of the classes, said to his scholars one Sunday that they might, for the next lesson, begin at Genesis, and learn as far as they could conveniently. The next Sunday came, and the recitations commenced. He had one boy by the name of Andrew. When his turn came, he went on, chapter after chapter, through Genesis, and commenced going on the same way through Exodus. Mr. Thorndike inquired in regard to the extent of the lesson; and, finding he had not heard the half, concluded to postpone the rest of the recitation till the next Sunday.

If any of the readers of the "Dayspring"

wish to know what has become of that Andrew, we will inform them that they will find him in the Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D.D., of Cambridge.

CHRIST AND THE CHILDREN.

"WHY bring your children! stand aside!"
Disciples to the mothers cried,
As round the Master close they pressed,
And felt their little ones were blessed.

They meant no ill, those rugged men;
The word of Jesus had not then
In their slow hearts unfolded been;
Not yet the strong deep love within.

Nor knew they that God's kingdom lay
In heart of childhood; that its sway
O'er men must come through humbled pride,
And childlike trust in God as Guide.

The Master liked not what they did:
"Nay, let them come, do not forbid,"
He quickly said; "of such as these
Are those who most the Father please."

The children came; his gentle tone
And smile of love gained them his own;
His touch was blessing; at the sight
The mothers felt a sweet delight.

"Let children come," is still his call;
His heart is open wide to all;
His touch of love, a holy charm
To guard through life the soul from harm.

THE HORSE.

THIS useful animal is likely, for a time at least, to be appreciated. Few people were conscious how much the affairs of men were dependent upon him. It has now been impressed upon all.

We do not know what the horses think about it; but it is plain to us that a great blessing has come to them in this disease that in the north and east seems to be affecting them all. Every horse has a value, and, for that value's account, if no other, every horse affected receives the kindest treatment; and, beyond that, the circumstances are such that kind treatment is likely to be secured to him in the future.

On the last Saturday of October, the people of Boston, for instance, were shown what the horse is to them. It was a rainy day, and the horses of the city and vicinity were nearly all afflicted with the prevailing disease; and their owners were humane — or prudent — enough to keep them warm and dry in their stables. Consequently very few horses were seen in the streets. In a walk of two and half miles from the centre of the city, on a road where we usually would have seen five hundred horses, we only saw five. Children might have played in the streets with as much safety as on an ordinary country road.

What was the effect of this withdrawal of horses from their customary occupations? Business was almost brought to a stand-still. Merchants could not receive or deliver goods. Everybody dependent upon horse-cars or carriages must stay at home. Only those able to walk could get from place to place. In some families, coal failed; in others, provisions failed. Not a family but what was, through some inconvenience, reminded that there is such an animal as a horse; and that he is sick, and that it is very important that he should get well.

One man must have a ton of coal. We saw it going up one of the streets in two large barrows, such as are used in some coal yards, each with six men drawing and two pushing. Now, if it takes sixteen men to draw one ton of coal, will some of our young readers tell us how many it will take to draw all the coal necessary to supply the wants of a city? How many to draw all the express wagons, trucks with their loads of merchandise, horse-cars, omnibuses, carriages, &c.?

We saw one man driving a yoke of oxen attached to an express wagon, — rather a strange sight in a city. He didn't know much about driving. He didn't understand the magical effect of "Gee!" and "Haw!" At one time the oxen were on the off side of the street, and a minute afterwards were crowding the driver on to the sidewalk on the other side. If we have to use oxen in the city, we shall be obliged to send for some of you country boys who know how to drive them. How you would have laughed at that specimen of oxen-driving!

We are writing about this just to help to impress upon the readers of the "Dayspring" the value of the horse. There is not one of them but is better off than he otherwise would be because of the horse. He owes to him many of his comforts and conveniences and opportunities.

Other animals are useful. How could we get along without the good old cow? How could we get through the cold winter without the wool from the sheep? We ought to stop often, and think how much we owe to animals.

MORAL: *Be exceedingly kind to all domestic animals. Be, if possible, even more kind to the horse.*

For The Dayspring.

DO YOU DO SO?

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.

I SAT by my window one afternoon, and listened to the shouts of some little fellows beneath my window.

"Trat, trat, trat," the little boy named Jerry had shouted, in imitation of an engine. "Puff, puff, puff!" and his chubby cheeks were filled almost to bursting. "Passengers change cars for New Bedford, Newport, and New York," shouted the little fellow, who had lately been on a train of cars and caught a few of the conductor's warning phrases.

All went smoothly enough till another little boy, who had been playing at a distance, ventured to approach Jerry's track with a large box, which he intended to convert into a car if Jerry would but move his barrel, which he was using as an engine, just a bit farther forward. But Jerry kicked the box, and even tried to kick the little boy, who was promising himself much pleasure as conductor, over his huge box, and shouted, as loud as he could yell, "Get off the track — track! Choo! choo! choo! get out, you old plaguey Maurice. Clear the track! my engine's coming. Yarmouth! Yarmouth! passengers change cars for Yarmouth Camp-meeting, and the Vineyard Camp-meeting."

The little fellow didn't seem to be very careful whether he mixed up his temper with his stations or not, and didn't stop to consider that both the meetings were not in session at the time.

Maurice tugged away at the heavy box and had just got it upon the track again, when Jerry met it with a loud, —

"I tell you, Maurice, *the engine must go ahead of the cars*, and now you *must* clear the track," and bump went the engine into the box again. It rolled over on its side, and off the track it went. By the way, the track was the platform leading into the barn; and, it being quite high, it was no small matter to get the box up again.

Now *I* think some little boys would have gone right to work to "pay him back," don't you? I watched them quite anxiously, for I felt quite sure that even *older* ones would show temper and strike, or pitch the engine off the track; but what do you think little Maurice did? He looked at the box lying so helplessly on its side, then at Jerry, then at the track, and then at the engine. At first I think he felt angry, then I guess he felt like

crying, but he did just the best thing that could be done; for he brightened up, and, instead of kicking Jerry or his engine, he looked into Jerry's face as pleasantly as if nothing had happened, and said, —

"That's so, Jerry! the engine *must* go ahead of the cars. What was I thinking of? You've got a splendid one. My car must go behind, and we'll tend fire under the engine, and play passengers in my car, and you can call the stations, and I'll help the passengers off. Won't that be just the thing, now? You see your barrel *is* a great deal the best for an engine, 'cause it's longer. Then we'll take that other box for a baggage car. Golly! won't we have a long train?"

At first Jerry looked straight at him as if he hadn't been looking for him to be so good-natured about it; but, when he saw that he was in real earnest, he caught the feeling just as every one will, and said, —

"That's right! that's the fellow! we'll fix up a smashing train, and you may help me call the stations, 'cause that's better work than all tending fire, or helping passengers off." And the little fellow seized the box, and with the other's help it was upon the track again, and the train was in order in a jiffy.

"Choo, choo, choo," went the engine, and it was soon puffing along as fast and loud as if nothing had happened.

Now, how many of my little boy readers do so when their little playmates kick and scream at them? I hope you will all of you take Maurice's plan and "make the best of every thing," even of the tempers of your playmates; and I hope too that you will be as ready to "make up," and help them on the track again, as Jerry was.

I shall watch these little boys, and perhaps I may have more to tell of them at some future time. Until then, please promise me that you'll agree not to quarrel with each other.

LITTLE MARTIN CRAGHAN.

THIS brave boy, only ten years old, *was murdered by the mining system.* He was employed in one of the Pittston mines. When the shaft caught fire, he, with a comrade, sought to escape. Suddenly he remembered that some men, who were busy in a further chamber of the mine, must be unaware of their danger. There was but one outlet, but one chance. He left both to his little mate, and darted back into the mine. He hoped for time to warn the men, and yet make good his own escape; but he knew well the frightful risk — and accepted it. He reached the men, warned them, and fled back to the shaft, to find that hope, only too slender before, was now absolutely gone. He turned, and hurried through the galleries once more, that he might die with them for whom he gave his life. They had builded with desperate haste a wall between them and the deadly gases and vapors which rolled thickening towards them. Even then their chance of surviving was a slim one. To let him in was to admit certain death; so they refused his prayer. They heard him sob, and walk falteringly away. He was afterward found quite dead, a little board beside him, on which, with a piece of chalk, he had, in dying, feebly written the names of loved ones!

. . . . . .

Death leaned upon him heavily;
But Love, more mighty still, —
She lent him slender lease of life,
To work her tender will.

He felt, with sightless, sentient hand,
Along the wall and ground,
And there the rude and simple page
For his sweet purpose found.

O'erwritten with the names he loved,
Clasped to his little side,
Dim eyes the wooden record read,
Hours after he had died.

Thus, from all knowledge of his kind,
In darkness lone and vast,
From life to death, from death to life,
The little hero passed.

And while they listened for the feet
That would return no more,
Far off they fell, in music sweet,
Upon another shore.

Harper's Magazine.

For The Dayspring.

ABOUT FLOWERS.

I FEEL sure, children, that you all love flowers, and have your pets among them, as among the birds. But it is hard to choose where there is so much beauty and fragrance. The lilies must be among those you love. Have you ever found in the deep recesses of the woods, — where they seem to make "sunshine in a shady place," — the beautiful tiger-lilies? How they flame in crimson and black, with a grace and glory all their own, and which none of our garden lilies, though more gorgeous, can equal! Their color is so rich and velvety, we are reminded of "Solomon in all his glory," who yet "was not arrayed like one of these." It recalls the splendor of some old cathedral window, and we are glad that with *Nature* this coloring is not one of "the Lost Arts."

And more lovely still, and besides, so fragrant, are the day-lilies, and their more stately sisters, the tall spring-lilies. Nothing among the flowers can be more beautiful than they, unless the sweet pond-lilies. I hope you often see these. The first and only ones that I ever saw were in the gardens of an old English palace. I should not like to tell what I am about to to any but children, it shows such an uncultivated taste; but that belongs to childhood, and you "will not tell tales out of school." In the old palace were many rare and curious things, some beautiful pictures, and much that was interesting. But, children, what I enjoyed most, and alone recall vividly, were the exquisite lilies, floating on the transparent water of a little pond. Perhaps the blue sky above, or the lovely mossy green of the turf, or the swans whose whiteness was so dimmed by that of the lilies among which they moved, had something to do with it, — only *perhaps*.

In some of the old paintings, the Virgin is represented holding a stalk of white lilies. The sweet, pure beauty of the flower seems but the reflection of the spiritual loveliness of her who was to be "the Mother of our Lord," and whom we see here "in the beauty of the lilies."

And do you not love morning-glories? I hope those of you who can have these garden beauties are always up in time to see them in their freshest loveliness. Do not let the sun be long before you. The "little more sleep" and "little more slumber" of the sluggard will spoil it all. In the early dawn, among the opening flowers, more than at any other hour, "Heaven lies around us." We need no cathedral bell to call us to matins. No "Holy of Holies" could bring us nearer to the Invisible Presence than we are brought by the awakening beauty of the "incense-breathing morn" of summer, which seems to usher in a "new heaven" and a new earth. And then these lovely flowers, like all of the dear Father's mercies, "are new every morning." See the dew glistening on their delicate petals of white, blue, rosy pink, and royal purple, and shining on their graceful leaves and tendrils, as they fling themselves over bush and tree, trail on the ground, or climb the lattice to peep into your window.

And now, children, I shall tell you a little flower anecdote which has something to do with morning-glories. They are favorite flowers of three little children whom I know. One evening, they were walking with their mother, and passed a garden in which were a number of yellow, staring sunflowers. The eldest, a girl, exclaimed at the "ugly flowers." "Yes," said one of her brothers, "they are not at all pretty; but, sister, I think they look like morning-glories." This caused almost a shout of derision from his sister; and even his mother smiled while she asked him what made him think so. "Oh," he answered, a little confused by the reception of his remark, "I mean they *look at you* as if they had faces, and so do the morning-glories."

Perhaps it will interest you to find out how flowers look *at* you as well as *to* you, and to see the faces they turn towards you. And they have such pleasant faces, — no frowns or pouts or ugly looks of any sort to mar their beauty.

And, dear children, your faces can be just as beautiful, if you will only have sweet, loving, grateful souls to shine through them; and this beauty will not fade as the delicate loveliness of the flower does, for —

"Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly;
While flowers decay and seasons roll,
This lives and cannot die."

F. B. F.

For The Dayspring.

THE LITTLE COUSINS.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER V.

HADLEY, October, 1868.

DUCK OF A LOU, — Our visit seems like a dreamy dream. Wasn't grandma nice? Wasn't aunt tiresome? How I wish we were running up the hill to the old soldier's house! I feel like crying when horses are beaten with whip-handles, — poor horses, that can't speak! But no wonder, — when men shoot other men.

The little boy gave up Ping Wing without crying. Slater was listening, or I'd have told you my reasons for lending her. The night before we went to Westboro,' father took me on his knee, and asked me to lend little Ned something to amuse him, for he was in great pain. Ned's father sweeps father's office (queer for a *man* to sweep), runs errands, and counts up.

"Yes, father," said I, "I'll lend Ned a book."

"His head aches too much to read."

"If he were a girl, perhaps I could lend him Ping Wing."

"He's so sick and gentle and young, that he's like a girl."

"I can't lend Ping Wing to a boy."

But when I woke, and saw Ping Wing sitting in the chair, with the sun shining on her hair (that's a sort of a verse), I cried loud, "I will lend her to that sick boy!"

I ran down so fast, for fear I should change my mind, that father said, "Hullo! is the house on fire?"

Father kissed me, wrapped my darling in the brown paper that came round his boots, and I ran up so as not to see her go out of the house. I cried a little when I took her folded clothes from my trunk.

Slater's brain'll soften if she don't hurry to get well. But I can't talk about her, for mother says a letter's not worth a penny that don't answer questions. But, first, I must ask one. Isn't aunt's cap a whang-doodle?

Now to your questions. I don't hate any neighbor yet. Little Ned's my nearest; and he only plagues me with his pale face.

Tell me about the small girl. Does she brogue? Is she kind to baby (mother says

she may be kind and not handy)? What could she think of Ping Wing? She'll be worse than Ned about Slater. If she has freckles, don't let her take your child in her arms; it wouldn't be safe.

Where would your money come from, if Aunt Louisa had to hold baby, while you were at school? Wouldn't Mrs. Ashby let you eat wilted grapes?

I don't care to be born in cheap-butter times so long as bees give honey. Isn't there more of "Here a quack"? It's funny. Baby's note sounds just like him. I blow him a kiss; not one, but twenty. It is possible Ping Wing may answer it. But she's in a strange state of mind. She wants to be a *scullion*. What is a *scullion?* It may be whang-doodle's brother.

Ping Wing wishes to wear only calico gowns the rest of her life; to eat porridge; to have no carpet but braided mats (like the old soldier's), and no curtains to the windows; to knit like Neddums; and stroke a cat.

Tom's nice for a noisy brother; but I should like a mild one like Ned, — all but the headache.

Did I cry much that Sunday? I just did; and my throat felt sore. Mother says about Conscience, it is hard to do right at first, but always pleasant to think of; and if you live to be as old as grandma, and forget much, you'll not forget minding Aunt Louisa, and being kind to baby, — and hoops and leaves will be nice to think of. Mother wants us to look back and remember we were happy children, not only for being amused, but because we tried to do right, and make home happy.

Now let us talk about Westboro'. Isn't it strange grandma's a pleasant woman, living with aunt? If aunt was like our mothers, it would be easy for grandma to smile.

To think of aunt's saying I looked like her! Shall I wear that sort of a cap, and have a cutting voice? If I must, I hope Tom will lug me to Holland, and Hadley folks think of me as Madge with blowing curls.

Do you know, Lou, I always feel mother's more my mother Sunday than week-days. I look over the hymn-book with her at church, we sing together, and hold hands. After Sunday school, I eat an apple, and she tells me what she and her sister (who died) did as girls. Grandpa must have been a queer man, he made them keep so still Sundays. If they'd only been lame those days they wouldn't have minded so much. They sat each side of their mother on crickets, while he read a book a Mr. Orton wrote on a dreadful hard word, I can't spell, beginning with an X. They didn't know what a word meant, till grandpa said "Reflections!" Then they were ready to jump for joy, because they knew in a minute they could get up and go out of the room.

Mother feels as Aunt Louisa about Sundays. She wants them to be very happy, yet not just like other days. She says they're rest-days and thought-days. And, when we come to die, we shall be glad to have kept them holy. Write about Westboro' as fast as you can. I love you dearly.

MADGE.

A CLERGYMAN, who had been staying for some time at the house of a friend, on going away, called to him little Tommy, the four-year-old son of his host, and asked him what he should give him for a present. Tommy, who had great respect for the minister, thought it his duty to suggest something of a religious nature; so he announced hesitatingly, "I — I think I should like a Testament, and I know I should like a pop-gun."

ANNIE AND BOSE.

ANNIE AND BOSE.

IT may be Bose is the best dog in the world. I cannot say. Ever so many little girls and little boys have good dogs, and I shall not say Bose is better than their dogs.

But Bose is a very fine dog. He knows more than some boys or some girls. He knows just what is right, and he will do just what is right. He takes care of all his master's things, just as well as a man could.

He has been with Annie in the woods for flowers. Annie is tired, and sits down on him to rest. He likes it, for he is a great, strong dog, and does not mind any more for Annie than you would, if a little bird should light on your arm.

Where is the boy that would dare go and try to take those flowers from Annie? As soon as he should come near, Bose would give a low growl. If he should keep coming nearer, Bose would give a deeper growl. If he didn't turn and leave then, he would find Bose standing in front of him, saying as plainly as a dog can speak, "You cannot touch the flowers."

Woe be to the boy, if he tries to touch Annie after that. He would soon know how sharp Bose's teeth are.

Yet Bose is a kind dog. Annie's little friends play with him, and tumble round on him just as they choose. He does not bark at all the folks he sees. If a stranger comes, he runs up to him and smells of him, and then he seems to know if he must watch him or not.

Annie's mother lets her take long walks with Bose. She knows that he will not let her get lost, or come to any harm.

For The Dayspring.

WHAT BILLY SAID TO THE BEE.

BURRING, buzzing, burring,
Busy little bee!
Are you making honey
All the day for me?

In and out the garden,
By their fragrance led;
Gathering in the honey
From the clover bed.

Not a moment idle
Through the summer day,
While we boys are spending
All our time in play.

Tossing balls and marbles;
Climbing up the trees;
Robbing little birds' nests, —
Just whene'er we please.

Burring, buzzing, buzzing,
At the dawn of light;
Buzzing, buzzing, buzzing,
Until dark at night.

Gather in the honey,
All the summer free;
We might all learn wisdom
Even from a bee.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

For The Dayspring.

LETTERS TO LITTLE FRIENDS.

III.

WELL, Charlie! after receiving your nice letter, I shall answer it through the kindness of Mr. "Dayspring;" for you say you "like very much the nice magazines, the 'Daysprings,' and every time you read them you put them away, because you want to get a book made out of them."

I am very glad you try to write letters, as this is not only a pleasant way of improving, but also a means of giving happiness to your friends who love you; and to make others happy is one way of following in Jesus' footsteps.

And, Charlie, you have many ways, even now, of making other people happy. I hope you try to do all things faithfully, without fretting or scolding. Oh, how much *unhappiness* even a little boy causes in a home, who gets the habit of fretting or of scolding!

Once a woman said to me that she "had a right to scold." But, Charlie, oh, no! *no* one has a "right" to any bad habits, — habits which make others unhappy. I know that *Jesus* never would have spoken as that woman did.

I am glad that your father and mother desire you should have every opportunity of learning to be a good and a useful boy; so, Charlie, *you* must try each day to grow better and wiser and more useful.

Last evening, I was looking at the moon, and enjoying the quiet after a severe thunder-shower; and I felt how good God is to give us so many sources of pleasure.

"Praise ye Him, sun and moon: praise Him, all ye stars of light!"

And, although your home is far distant from mine, yet you also can watch that same "Moon which God made, a light that decreaseth in her perfection; increasing wonderfully in her changing, shining in the firmament of heaven, the beauty of heaven, giving light in the highest places of the Lord."

Be very obedient, Charlie, to your parents; and especially do not *tease* them, if you are prohibited from following your own wishes. Remember that the Commandment says, "Honor thy father and thy mother;" that is, obey them, respect them, knowing that being older than you they often see reasons for their commands which, as yet, you cannot.

As boys, generally, do not like to receive long letters, I will not risk my friendship by inflicting one on you. So, Charlie, "good-by" from

Your friend,

"PATIENT WAITING."

FRANK W. FIRTH.

[WE take from the "Worcester Gazette" this sketch of the life of a truly modest, capable, and energetic young man. His example is a worthy one for young men to follow. Let them not be afraid to begin low, if they have the ability to rise high.]

He was a graduate of the Worcester High School, and was a thoroughly educated civil engineer. He was offered almost any desirable situation here if he would remain at home, but he was ambitious for a wider field, and went to the West, where his ability soon asserted itself and secured to him the confidence of railroad managers of greater age and experience, and the situation of general superintendent of the line on which he was killed. He had hardly entered upon manhood, being only twenty-five years of age at his death. A line of road a hundred or more miles in length — the Atchison & Kansas

Railroad — was under survey, and without letters of introduction he applied to the engineer for a place in the surveying party. He was slender and frail-looking, and the answer was discouraging: the work was hard and rough, and he was thought not physically adequate to it. In answer to a question as to what he could do, he modestly suggested that perhaps he could "carry a chain," and he was hired to do this at $45 per month. He went out, and through a long siege of wild life in the open air, through swamps and hills and forests he held his own with his more sturdy companions. Careful and temperate in habit, he avoided disease, and not only did his own work, but was of much service caring for his companions who fell sick from time to time. From the first the engineer was surprised to find that while all his former chain-bearers needed much instruction, Frank seemed to go to the right spot the first time, as if by intuition; but in answer to any such suggestion Frank made no revelation of his former studies. At length the party were within thirty miles of the end of their route, when nearly all fell sick: the engineer was prostrated, and it was suggested to abandon the work and turn back. The engineer said to Frank that this must be done, that there were two or three days' work minuted on the field-books which must be worked out and tabulated before they could go farther, that he was too sick to do it, and that even if it was done they were in a broken and hilly country, through which he was doubtful of penetrating with a practicable line. Frank heard him through and offered his assistance, asking that he might take the figures and try to tabulate them. The engineer expressed doubts of a chain-bearer being able to do such work, but being further urged he consented, and Frank took the books, while the company lay by in the camp. In a few hours he laid before his superior the results of his work, every level, every point of compass, every detail of the survey correctly worked out, and in its place, ready for the continuance of the work. The engineer was astonished, but perhaps not more so than when Frank offered to take up the work at that point, with the few well men that were left, and push through the hills, leaving his superior and the other invalids to recuperate.

He was allowed to go on, and he accomplished the work to the entire satisfaction of the engineer, and on returning to headquarters the latter told the story, declaring to the president and board but for "that boy" their proposed line would have been a failure. Frank was rewarded on pay day by $100 per month for his work, instead of $45, as he had expected, and soon after he was placed in charge of the construction of the line as chief engineer. At the completion of the road, he was made its superintendent, having won his way by his own quiet but determined energy. He was greatly beloved and respected by all with whom he was associated, and was held in the highest esteem by railroad men of large experience, as the most remarkable and promising young man they had ever seen. His untimely death is a cause of sincere sorrow, not only to his immediate family and friends, but to an unusually large circle of business acquaintances.

"MY son," said a fond papa, who was looking over the lesson his boy had recited that day, "how did you manage when your teacher asked you to spell metempsychosis?" "O father!" said the boy, "I just stood spell-bound."

A LITTLE girl called a parable "an earthly story with a heavenly meaning."

GIVING.

"GIVE," said the little stream,
As it hurried down the hill.
"I am small, I know, but wherever I go
The fields grow greener still."
Singing, singing all the day,
Give away, oh! give away.

"Give," said the little rain,
As it fell upon the flowers;
"I will raise the drooping heads again,
And freshen the summer bowers."

"Give," said the violet sweet,
In its gentle, spring-like voice;
"From cot and hall they will hear my call;
They will hear me and rejoice."

"Give," said they all, "oh! give,
For our blessings come from Heaven,
And we fain would give, yes, would only live,
To give as God has given."

"Give, then, for Jesus gave;
There is something all can give;
Oh! do as the streams and blossoms do,
And for God and others live."

The Home Guardian.

A HUMBLE BEGINNING.

A CLOUDY morning often ushers in a fine day, and disappointments in early years are often followed by a life of happiness and prosperity.

Long ago, about two hundred and sixty years, a poor lad of seventeen was seen travelling on foot in England. He carried over his shoulder, at the end of a stick, all the clothing he had in the world; and had in his pocket an old leather purse, with a few pieces of money given by his mother when, with a throbbing, prayerful heart, she took leave of him on the road a short distance from their own cottage.

And who was John? for that was his name. He was the son of poor but honest and pious parents, small farmers in a village called Ugborough. John had six brothers and five sisters, all of whom had to labor hard on the farm for a living. He was a pious lad, and at fourteen used to assist the parish clerk in singing and other parts of divine worship. When the old clerk died, John hoped to fill his place; but being disappointed in this, with the consent of his parents, he set out to get a living elsewhere.

At the city of Exeter, where he first went, he met with no success; but, as he looked on the beautiful cathedral and into the booksellers' windows, a strong desire sprung up in his mind to become a scholar, and at once he set off for the University of Oxford, a distance of some two hundred miles, walking the whole weary way. At night, he sometimes slept in barns, or on the sheltered side of a haystack; he lived chiefly on bread and water, with occasionally a draught of milk as a luxury.

Arrived in the splendid city of Oxford, his clothing nearly worn out and very dusty, his feet sore, and his spirits depressed, he knew not what to do. He had heard of Exeter College in Oxford, and thither he went, and to his great delight was engaged by the cook as a "scullion;" that is, to carry coal into the kitchen, to clean pans and kettles, and do that kind of work.

He was sometimes seen scouring his pans and at the same time reading a book. His studious habits soon attracted the attention of the authorities, who admitted him into the college as a poor scholar, providing for all his wants. He studied hard, and was soon at the head of his class. He rose to great eminence as a scholar, was very useful as a minister of Christ, and many years before his death, which took place when he was seventy-two, he visited his father and mother, who were delighted to see their son

not only a "great scholar," but a pious bishop. Such was the history of Dr. John Prideaux, who used to say, "If I had been parish clerk of Ugborough, I should never have been Bishop of Worcester."

The Children's Paper.

"AH, THAT'S THE NAME!"

[Certain Hindoos, having met with some religious tracts in their own language, travelled far to hear more of Jesus from the lips of the Christian missionary; and, as soon as they heard him pronounce the name, they interrupted him, exclaiming, in the ecstasy of delight, "Ah, that's the name!"]

"AH, that's the name!" the admiring Hindoos cried:
"Your shasters taught us how He lived and died."
As ancient sages guided by his star,
Lured by the wondrous tale, they came from far;
Their caste, their sacred rites, their idol fane,
Deserted for the Saviour's milder reign.

"Ah, that's the name," the Christian lip responds,
"Whose charm dispelled my fears, and loosed my bonds!"
More precious than the finest gold is worth;
Sweeter than fragrant perfume pourèd forth;
A balm to make the wounded spirit whole;
A sound to wake the music of the soul.

"Ah, that's the name!" a world renewed shall cry.
"No name so glorious in the earth or sky!"
From shore to shore adoring nations bend;
From world to world let loudening praise ascend:
Great be that name, confessed by every tongue,
The burden of the universal song!

The Well-Spring.

WHAT A WISE SAYING MAY DO.

A MERCHANT in a large German city had, by childlike trust in God, diligence, and cleverness, obtained a large property; so that at last he owned a beautiful house, and kept a shop with costly wares, before which many people constantly stood in wonder and admiration. Among these were often poor people, and not a few vagabonds, who took care to say, in a whisper, "This rich man once had nothing, just like us."

The merchant heard this remark one day; and, as he perceived that among the admirers of his shop there were generally a great many children, he hung a tablet over his shop door, with the following inscription, which, a very short rhyme in German of four lines, means in English, —

"Learn something,
So you can do something,
So you can get something:
Then you will possess something."

One day, when the merchant was old, and had given up his business to his son, he received a letter from Cadiz in Spain; and, when he opened it, he read a warm expression of gratitude from a man whom he had never known, never even seen. And what did the strange man thank the merchant for? That he had made a diligent, regular man of business out of him. And how was this? The writer was a school-boy at the time when the merchant hung up the lines over his door. He read them as often as he stood before the shop, and pondered the proverb always in his mind. It had such an effect upon him, that not only at school, but also as an apprentice and man of business, he kept steady and diligent; till at last he too became wealthy and prosperous, and hung also over his shop in Cadiz the golden words, —

"Learn something,
So you can do something,
So you can get something:
Then you will possess something."

THINK nought a trifle, though it small appear:
Small sands make mountains; minutes make the year.

HOW A HORSE HELPED HIS NEIGHBOR.

Not long since, I visited a friend, who lives on a fine farm, in a pleasant town in southern New Hampshire. While there, one evening, we rode to the village to attend a meeting, and on our way back my friend told me the following anecdote about the noble horse he was driving, and I thought it worth repeating to the young readers of the "Herald." A few years ago this horse was kept, during autumn, in a field close by the farm-house, and in an adjoining pasture a flock of sheep was also kept.

One day, while my friend was talking with a gentleman by the roadside, the horse came running towards him from the lower part of the field, next to the sheep-pasture, and, putting his head over the wall near him, he whinnied as if to attract attention.

He took, however, no especial notice of this, and presently he turned and ran back to the lower side of the field.

But very soon he was again seen rapidly approaching, and, on reaching his master, he again spoke to him, as horses usually speak.

It was observed that the horse was acting in a very unusual manner, but still no steps were taken yet to ascertain the cause of the strange running back and forth. So the pony again wheeled and galloped away once more towards the sheep-pasture. And now, very soon, for the third time, is he seen swiftly returning.

It seems that the intelligent creature, having failed in two attempts to secure the help he was seeking, determined to try elsewhere this time; and so, instead of going again to his master, he went to the farm-house, that stood near by, and putting his head through an open window in the kitchen, he again whinnied.

My friend's wife, who, it seems, had noticed the strange restlessness of the animal, now felt quite sure that there must be some trouble in the field or pasture, and that the horse was trying to tell them of this, that they might go to the rescue.

So she went out where the horse was. It seemed pleased that it had attracted attention at last, and, trotting on before the lady, it led her down to the pasture, and putting its head over the fence seemed to say, "Look, look." The lady did look, and there she discovered that a savage dog had caught a sheep, and was holding it by the throat, in spite of all the poor creature's efforts to escape.

On being discovered, the dog let go his hold, and, springing over the fence into the field, fled, hotly pursued by the enraged horse, who would gladly have trampled him beneath his feet.

The poor sheep was not much injured, and so the horse had saved his neighbor's life.

I hope my young readers will always try to help those whom they see in trouble, and that they will be as persevering in their efforts to do good as was this noble animal.

H. B. C. in "Zion's Herald."

ONE DROP AT A TIME.

HAVE you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time, until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clear, the icicle remained clear, and sparkling brightly in the sun; but, if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming; one little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely; but, if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

Apples of Gold.

BOOK NOTICES.

MARJORIE'S QUEST. By Jane T. Gould. James R. Osgood & Co. This is a fresh, beautiful story of a young girl's life. The winding up is a little romantic; but the story itself is natural and full of interest to the end. It will charm the young, and ease the old.

STRIVE AND SUCCEED. The fourth volume of the "Luck and Pluck Series." By Horatio Alger, Jr. Loring. Alliterative titles still hold their own. A little boy, ten years old, says this is a "splendid book." We shall not use quite so big an expression, but simply call it a good story for the boys.

Puzzles.

18.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in count, but not in duke;
My second in hook, but not in fluke;
My third in daughter, but not in son;
My fourth is in none, but yet in one;
My fifth is in book, but not in word;
My sixth is in snipe, but not in bird;
My seventh in gongs, but not in bells;
My eighth is in whispers, not in yells;
My ninth is in love, but not in hate;
My tenth is in city, not in state;
My eleventh in noon, and morning too;
My twelfth is in girl, but not in you.
My whole a day that lifts the heart above
In joy and praise, in gratitude and love.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

16.

[Answer to C. T. B.'s Riddle by M. C. D. S.]

BEFORE God made the worlds, Nothing had birth,
And so is older than the heavens or earth.
Nothing could terrify the soul of Grant,
Or his strong heart and patient will could daunt.
Nothing is stronger than that common sense
We find uncommon, — much to our expense.
E'en of Omnipotence itself we dare
To say that Nothing with it can compare.
The darkened eye, doomed to perpetual night,
Sees Nothing in the midst of God's dear light;
And the good book which teaches us to live,
Says, Care for Nothing — God will freely give.
The student who but skims the surface o'er
Will soon know Nothing, which he may deplore;
While the ripe scholar must decline to tell
What Nothing is — he something knows too well.

Answered also in rhyme by F. B. T., of Northfield, and W. H. D., of Newport. The latter ends with, —

Nothing, I think I can plainly see,
Will answer the riddle of C. T. B.

17. — Henrietta.

MANY flowers open to the sun, but one only follows him constantly. Let thy heart be the sunflower; let it not only be open to God, but bow to him and follow him.

"Now I wake and see the light,
God has kept me through the night;
Make me good and kind to-day,
Guard and keep me, Lord, I pray."

ALWAYS be good-natured, if you can. A few drops of oil will do more to facilitate the movement of the most stubborn machinery than rivers of vinegar.

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